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# Reign of Bullets

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## Chapter 1 by -

Explosions rattled the ground and shook the tree tops. Smoke engulfed the sky and fused with oxygen into a suffocating breath. The ground was a cesspool of decaying flesh and coagulated blood.

Soldiers rushed confusedly around not knowing whence the enemy fire came. Running over contorted corpses that had no time to be buried. Crushing the bodies of men, cracking their ribs and bruising limbs. Trying to find shelter from the cannonade of bullets.

But not finding even a seconds peace in the midst of this never-ending war.

## Chapter 2 by Skeld



Standing high above the tower, he watched calmly. His eyes unblinking, his diaphragm moving up and down , his hair flying in the morning wind and his arms clenched. He watched everything and he watched everyone. But did not make one move. He knew he could do nothing.

It was all his fault. His mistake. He should have let her go, but instead, he held onto to her, even when all around him, the world was crumbling. Now, he would crumble too.

He stood on the very edge of the tower, took a deep breath and jumped.

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Chapter 3 by



He pulled the cord and squeezed his eyes shut as the parachute ripped from its wrapped confines and spread wide over the battlefield.

Guilt gripped his heart as he thought about the woman left in the tower. But she was dying, and he knew she would not make it another hour. How could he have taken her with him?

Nevertheless, tears threatened to choke him as he flew farther and farther from the war-zone.

His knees buckled as he hit the earth's surface.

#### Chapter 4 by



Sharp spasms bulleted throughout his body as his knees try to recover itself from the impact. He needed several minutes to regain posture while stationed behind a freshly-trashed Fort Knox tank he heard explode earlier. Shrapnel continue to discharge from burning mortars and charred rifles so straying around is deadly - not forgetting concealed snipers who are trigger happy to shoot anyone in sight. But left with nothing but a fully-loaded Remington, he needs to part from his location before anyone spots him.

Maria... Clasp the only memento he will hold on as he crosses the border, he wishes to find a medic and bring him to her. How? Let fate or luck or blessing work on its own. He needs to return, whether his beloved lives or dies.

Covered by partial darkness, he barreled through an open landscape. Six seconds later, a single shot breezed inches away from his nose. He is a live target! Fast as he could, he finds shelter on a trench.

"Freeze pal."

Blood drained out of his face as cold barrel of a short handgun was pointed in between his eyes. "I am... I am an ally! I'm not German!" He begged out of desperation. "My woman is behind the tower. She's ill and she needs medical attention. I just... I just want to save her."

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"Exactly. The perfect spot for these fucking Gestapo to shoot escapees." He motioned him to look behind. Lined up bodies of women and children, shot in the head, almost cost his prudence. "These goddamn creatures, never regarding who is the enemy, shot them before I arrived."

His heart sunk by the sight. Maria...

"I've been completely cheesed trying to locate that goddamn sniper but he concealed himself perfectly." The infantryman handed him his scope. "Make me some luck, we only have one enemy"

One. Blessed with superb sight, he immediately spotted a faint glare at three o'clock. Garbed with neatly-sewn twigs and autumn leaves, it is nearly impossible to locate the marksman's position. However...

"Got a good spot?"

"Yes..." He nodded in between chokes. He is certain the figure is of a woman, and face of a woman.

**Write a draft for chapter 5 of 8** (1 draft)

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